

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Vol. XIII.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1884.

No. 6.



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A Distinguishing feature of the Blade is Stories of Real Life, and written, so far as possible, by actual participants. Another characteristic is to rigidly exclude everything demoralizing to the young. This makes it a favorite family paper.

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Also don't forget that we are the SOLE AGENTS for the National Laundry, Buttericks' Patterns, and Chelsea Dye House.

Fine, Pure Confectionery—fresh every week.

GRANT & COBB,  
Bank Building, Arlington.

(Correspondence.)

MR. EDITOR:—It may be that the people of Lexington have become, by long familiarity with the advantages and attractions of its locality, particularly insensible to their merits, while to the mind of the new-comer they appear almost in the vivid light of romance.

It may well be doubted if there is another community of 2500 people in New England possessing equal sources of municipal, domestic, social and religious facilities. So accustomed have the people become to social order that the smallest departure therefrom appears to them like an outrage on the sanctuary itself. So high are their demands and expectations that one may almost fear they fail to appreciate the efforts of those whom they entrust with the execution of their wishes. What nice roads we have on which we can walk or ride to delightful rural retreats! Do they not suggest the efficiency and faithfulness of those having the care of them? But quitting the lecture attitude, let us simply glance at other of Lexington's attractions. First its places

of public worship free of proselytism, the prosperity of all; the pride of each,—with their accompanying facilities of social intercourse and intellectual improvement.

Its splendid Library a grand supplementary educational power; its proximity to the great New England metropolis of literature, art and trade giving us all the benefit of the artistically healthful influences of the city while leaving us the full enjoyment of rural seclusion. The distance of Lexington from Boston is at the agreeable mean. Were we much nearer we should become socially indolent and rely too much on city entertainment. Were we much farther we should miss that connective influence which in the domain of art, etc., emanates from metropolitan centers. Consider also the reputation so legitimately earned of Lexington's sanitary advantages as shown by the patronage of two large summer hotels. The healthfulness of Lexington is getting to be proverbial.

Moreover should not Lexington be indulged in the manifestation of pride both for her historical and later personal associations? To every student of American history Lexington is a family word as indicating the spot where American heroism first grappled with British tyranny. And again Lexington is the birth place of Theodore Parker, who, to use the language of a Boston paper concerning him and his oratory, was the greatest terror to evil doers America ever had. The people of Lexington may well felicitate themselves that this champion of liberty came forth from among them.

Lastly, was it not a son of Lexington whom the great Democratic Goliath defied? saying, "who art thou that comest forth to meet me in battle? Behold I will give thy flesh to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air." And did not this Philistine with his spear like a (bunting) weaver's beam fall by the pebbles of argument and reason which our David slung at his head?

On the whole, Lexington may stand erect.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS  
IN ARLINGTON.

—Mr. R. A. White, will officiate at the Unitarian church.

—Miss Virginia F. Townsend is making her winter home at Arlington Heights.

—Mr. Stickney has set up in his store in Swan's Block a new show case for the display of his fine stock of plated goods.

—A series of illustrated lectures is to be inaugurated at the Unitarian church, commencing on the evening of Feb. 25.

—Prof. Churchill gives a choice selection of readings in Town Hall, next Wednesday evening.

—Post 36, G. A. R., meets at Bethel Lodge room, next Thursday evening. These meetings are on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

—Business in every department of town industries is dull, if we may except the ice tool factory of Messrs. Wm. T. Wood & Co.

—March 5th is the date now named for the annual masquerade of the "Six Odd Associates." It will be a grand affair this year as on former occasions.

—There is a growing interest in the meetings at the Baptist church. The praise service which precedes the meetings of stormy Fridays and Saturdays during this winter, more reasonably than by giving any other reason. But the increase in regular subscribers is considerably more than the three copies a week less transient sales, as we shall be pleased to show any one interested.

—Union Hall, Arlington Heights, is to be turned into a skating rink, and will be open every evening next week (Tuesday excepted) for that exhilarating sport. The particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

—There is talk of a skating rink in Arlington centre and one will be opened if proper quarters can be found. The project of a bowling alley is being agitated among the young men, to the extent of procuring estimates, etc.

—The usual monthly sociable of Pleasant street Congregational church, Wednesday evening, was enlivened with four-hand piano selections by Miss Nellie Hardy and Mrs. Ware, and reading by Mrs. David Puffer, Jr. A little over one hundred sat down to supper.

—Sociable and supper at the Baptist church next Tuesday evening. Supper will be served at 6:30 o'clock, to be followed with an entertainment and the usual closing sociabilities. These are the most enjoyable when everybody attends.

—John McCafferty was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, last Sunday, and locked up. In court on Monday he was fined \$5 and costs. He appealed, and in default of bonds, was turned over to the care of Capt. Adams, at East Cambridge.

—Rev. W. H. Daniels will continue his series of discourses in Union Hall next Sunday morning on the Christian graces. Subject, "The hope of immortality." He will also preach in the evening, at seven o'clock; subject, "The two builders; or, the house on the rock and on the sand." All are invited.

—Sunday school concert at Pleasant street church, Sunday evening, at 6:30 o'clock. Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, will present a panoramic view of Jerusalem, and explain the customs and manners of the people. The service will be of rare interest, to which all are welcome.

—We do not wonder at the success of the Pleasant street grocery store, owned by Mr. C. M. Hall. Stocked with all that is best and freshest in the grocery line, and presided over by a genial gentleman and specially competent assistants, it meets the requirements of such a business in every respect.

—The party by "Six Odd Associates," given in Swan's Hall, Wednesday evening, was a decided financial success, but the storm prevented some of the tickets from being represented. About thirty couples participated, and floor manager Pierce, with his aids, managed the party to the enjoyment of all. There was a degree of sociability in the hall rarely attained and those attending will long remember this enjoyable feature.

—The entertainment at the Unitarian church vestry, last Friday evening, was one of exceptional interest, both in variety and character. Extracts from King Henry IV. were finely rendered by Messrs. Locke, Bucknam, Cely, Russell and Farmer, and this was followed with a delightful operetta, written by Prof. S. P. Prentiss, entitled "The Leisure Hour." The idea is, a wearied mother sits down, after completing (as she supposes) every possible task, for a bit of rest, only to be crushed between an avalanche of calls from servant and child.

ren. The musical numbers are sprightly and full of expression, and the applause with which it was greeted was more than a friendly compliment to the author. The parts were well sustained by Esther and Amy Bailey, Helen Hopkins, Agnes Damon, Ethel Bacon and Willie Foster.

The entertainment closed with the familiar "Old Gooseberry," with characters by Messrs. Cely and Schouler, Misses Ella F. Burditt and Emma L. Locke. The audience was one of the largest yet gathered at these entertainments.

—Rev. C. H. Watson has prepared and we have printed for him, in a neat and convenient form, the topics for the social meetings of the Baptist church for the balance of the year 1884, as well as other matters of interest pertaining to the meetings of that church, to be placed in the hands of every member. Each year the printing press and the newspaper comes nearer the point of occupying their true relation to the church and its work.

—The circulation of the ADVOCATE is not falling off. During the three months ending Jan. 31, 1883, Richardson & Co. sold and paid us for 909 copies of the ADVOCATE. During the corresponding time this year they sold and paid us for 878 copies. A difference so small as this would be accounted for by the succession of stormy Fridays and Saturdays during this winter, more reasonably than by giving any other reason. But the increase in regular subscribers is considerably more than the three copies a week less transient sales, as we shall be pleased to show any one interested.

—Rev. W. J. W. Finlay, curate at Ogdensburg, N. Y., in the Diocese of Albany, will officiate at the Episcopal chapel next Sunday morning. The hour of service hereafter will be at quarter before eleven. The communion will be administered at the close of morning service.

—At the meeting of the debating society, next Tuesday evening, the subject of biennial election will be discussed. That is a capital subject, as it is a practical matter and well worthy the attention of every one. There are strong defenders of our present plan and equally able advocates of a change in the term of State officers.

—The monthly sociable of Hancock church was held at the residence of Mr. Levi Prosser, Thursday evening, and church and society was well represented.

Miss Bartlett presented a carefully prepared paper on the Rhine river. The points described were shown by photographic views, and the paper was enlivened by being interspersed with patriotic German music.

—Mr. George E. Muzey's old horse "Jenny," died of old age last week. The faithful animal carried Mr. Muzey through the war and since has been cared for by him. The horse was over thirty years of age.

—Mr. Timothy Ryan, supposed to be Lexington's oldest inhabitant, died at the residence of his son John, on Bedford street, last Friday. He had attained the very remarkable age of ninety-nine years, eight months.

—The frame of the house Mr. Flanders is erecting on Bloomfield street has been put up this week. Our capitalists would do well to follow his example and erect twenty new houses in the next three months. The outward movement from Boston is in this direction.

—The Messrs. Raymond brothers, having performed the last sad rites over the remains of one that all loved, left the blighted home on Thursday to join father and mother at Santa Barbara, Cal., where they are spending the winter in search of health.

—A son of Mr. J. F. Turner, about four years old, broke his leg in two places by falling on the ice while visiting his grandfather at Concord, last Friday.

—Our young people are rehearsing for a benefit to be tendered Miss Paine, the organist of the Baptist church, at an early date. Full particulars will be given later.

—It spoils the effect of many a "reformer's" plea for a change in town officers, to have it known that the "reformer" aspires to the management of affairs if not to a prominent office.

—The Catholic T. A. Society had their annual party in Town Hall, last Friday evening. About sixty couples were present and the party was a financial and social success.

—A mock trial will be one of the features of the Unity Club entertainment on the evening of Feb. 22.

—The Catholic Temperance Society will give a party in Town Hall on the evening of Feb. 21.

—A trade of abuse against our town officers is no way to correct mistakes or evils that may exist.

—Mr. Fred Babcock has a fine lot of valentines on sale at the Lexington Post Office. The stock is well worth an examination.

—Next Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. C. A. Staples will deliver a lecture, in the Unitarian church, on "Socius and the early Unitarians."

—A pleasant entertainment in the Unitarian church vestry this evening is worth

OFFICE OF THE  
CITIZENS' LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE,  
9 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass., Jan. 12, '84.

To the Law Abiding People of Massachusetts:—

The misery, pauperism, crime, and increased taxation which the intemperate use of alcoholic drinks inflicts upon the people of Massachusetts, are well known to all. It is believed that all good citizens, without regard to their views as to legislation on this subject, are agreed that the existing laws of the state for the regulation of the liquor traffic should be obeyed by the dealers, in letter and in spirit.

## THE GRUMBLER.

He grumbles in the morning,  
On rising from his bed,  
He grumbles at his breakfast,  
At the coffee, cakes and bread;  
He grumbles at his napkin,  
He grumbles at his knife,  
He grumbles at the table-cloth,  
And grumbles at his wife;  
He grumbles at the paper  
While he's reading o'er the news,  
He grumbles at the cobbler  
When he buys a pair of shoes.  
He grumbles at the clock  
When it's striking out the hour,  
And he grumbles at the "deluge,"  
When there comes a little shower.  
He grumbles at the children  
When they're playing in the street,  
He grumbles at the butcher,  
At the way he cuts the meat.  
He grumbles at his little dog,  
If it only wags its tail,  
And when the wind but gently blows  
He grumbles at the "gale."  
He grumbles when a bill comes in,  
No matter though 'tis small,  
He grumbles at the servants,  
He grumbles at us all.  
He grumbles at the darkness,  
When he has to light the gas,  
And he grumbles at the matches,  
The unhappy, grumbling ass.  
He grumbles at the prices,  
He grumbles at his stocks,  
He grumbles at his feet  
When he buys a pair of socks.  
He grumbles at the summer  
When the sun is rather warm,  
And he grumbles at the "winter"  
Every time we have a storm.  
He grumbles at a question,  
He grumbles at a smile;  
At church he grumbles at the people  
Who are standing in the aisle.  
He grumb es at his daughter  
When she wants a little money,  
And he grumbles when she laughs  
At something very funny.  
He grumbles at the rich man,  
He grumbles at the poor,  
He grumbles at the beggars  
When they knock upon his door.  
He grumbles at his rent-day,  
When the landlord's to be paid.  
He grumbles in the sunshine,  
He grumbles in the shade,  
He grumbles at a wagon  
If it stands before the door,  
And he grumbles if a crumb of bread  
Is dropped upon the floor.  
He grumbles in his little room,  
He grumbles on the stairs,  
He grumbles all the way to church,  
He grumbles after prayers.  
He grumbles in his sleep  
While lying in his bed—  
And I often fancy to myself  
He'll grumble when he's dead.

## SEEKING HIS FORTUNE

"Of course he'll make his fortune!" said Lally Hilton.  
"A man with his talents cannot possibly help it," said Rose.

"I wish I was going to the city," said Joe, the younger brother, with a sigh which was pumped up from the very soles of his hob-nailed shoes.

And Willis Hilton smiled in a superior fashion and looked after the key of his new leather satchel, while, at the same time, he made sure that the steel chain of his silver watch—Uncle Zephaniah's gift—was securely attached to the button of his waistcoat.

Willis Hilton was a genius—at least, so his mother, his Uncle Zephaniah and the principal of the district school had always declared.

He had a manuscript poem in his travelling-bag, as well as a series of sketches, which were meant to reflect in a sarcastic style on the leading follies and frivolities of the day, and the notes of a novellette which he intended some day to write.

He had also a change of linen, a fountain pen, some new cravats and a celluloid collar, to say nothing of a bottle of camphor, some of Grandmother Smith's salve and some home-made sticking-plaster.

And what more could any young man from the country desire for an outfit?

Mrs. Petronel, who had visited at the farm-house summer before last, and whose big trunk couldn't be carried up the winding stairway, but had to be left in the milk-room during the whole of her sojourn, had told him, when she went away, always to consider her house, in Blackford Square, his home, and honest Willis had taken her at her word.

So he kissed the old grandmother, wrung Uncle Zeph's horny hand, hugged the girls all around, and gave little Joe his one-bladed knife as a parting souvenir, and then separated by the 3 o'clock train for the great city wherein, according to his hopes and dreams, were centered all the germs of his future prosperity.

Mrs. Petronel did not remember him just at first. This was a little awkward, especially as her sisters—two pretty, plump young ladies—stood watching the scene behind the statue of Psyche in the hall.

Willis Hilton blushed, stammered and explained, wishing himself, the while, in the antipodes.

"So awkward of me!" said Mrs. Petronel, with a sudden gleam of recollection. "But you know it is ages since I saw you. I remember now perfectly. Mr. Hilton, to-be-sure! How good of you to come and call! I'm only sorry we are just going out. I would ask you to dinner to-morrow, only there are a lot of people coming who would all be strangers to you, and you wouldn't enjoy it at all. But I hope you will drop in some evening when we are all alone. Family at the farm-house all well? So glad to hear it! But I won't detain you any longer. Good-bye!"

And Mrs. Petronel smiled him out of the front door with so bland an air that our poor hero hardly knew that he had been civilly dismissed, until he found himself standing on the outside of the huge black-walnut panels, with an echo in his ears which sounded very like—

"The assurance of these country people! Why, they are the merest strangers in the world to me!"

Willis Hilton bit his lip; the color mounted in a burning flood to his cheek. Had some one knocked him down, the

revulsion could not have been more sudden or painful.

Mrs. Petronel had stayed six weeks at Hilton Farm, and he had driven her out, taken her to the prettiest places in the neighborhood, collected ferns and grasses for her—in short, been her faithful servant and cavalier the whole time—and now she ignored the invitation she had so cordially given, and "hoped he would drop in some evening when they were all alone."

And he thought of his slender stock of money, and wondered what he had better do! Of course there would not be so much sordid difficulties to consider when he had once sold his poem and found a market for his "Satirical Sketches." But in the meantime—

"Mr. Hilton? Oh, I beg your pardon, but I've been running so fast!"

And Willis found himself unexpected ly vis a vis with a pretty, rosy girl, who was very much out of breath.

"I am Kate Petronel," said she. "I heard what my sister-in-law said to you; and, oh, I am so sorry she was rude! I can't invite you to the house, because I'm only there on suffrage; but my cousin, Mrs. Rhodes, keeps a very nice, homelike little boarding house on Echo street. I'll show you the place, and she won't charge you anything if you tell her I sent you."

Willis Hilton bit his lip. Had his face, then, so plainly revealed the consternation of his mind?

"I do not wish to live on charity," he said.

"Oh, but just for the present?" said Kate Petronel, persuasively. "Of course we've all got to begin in the world, and I'm sure you'll like Aunt Rhodes."

So Kate led him to the corner of Echo street, and pointed out No. 38, and bade him adieu.

"I shall see you sometimes, I hope?" said he, wistfully.

"I don't wonder," said Kate, laughing. "I often come to Aunt Rhodes," and help her with the house-mending, of an evening. And I was at your grandmother's farm-house once, when I was a little girl, getting over the measles, and they were all so kind to me. You were away at school. But I never have forgotten the sweet apples they baked for me, and the big pears I picked for myself off the tree in the corner of the garden."

And Kate Petronel ran away with the tears sparkling in her eyes.

The house on Echo street lacked the plate glass and polish of the Blackford Square mansion; but old Mrs. Rhodes made him welcome, gave him the supper he so sorely needed, and showed him to a little room which was barely large enough to hold a cot-bedstead, a wash-stand, and a six-by-nine looking glass.

And here he slept soundly all the first night, although the horse-cars thundered by at ten minute intervals, the milk-wagons rattled over the stones, and the rag-and-bottle men aroused in their might at 5 o'clock in the morning."

"My first day in New York," said Willis Hilton to himself. "And I'm determined to make it a success."

Alas, our poor hero! Need we follow him, in turn, to the sanctuums of busy editors, who scarcely glanced at the literary treasures over which he had toiled so ceaselessly, to the swarming offices of the newspapers which seemed to spring up by instinct from the revolving presses, the elegant reception-rooms of high-toned monthly magazines?

"An epic poem!" ejaculated Mr. Nimble, "with his pen between his teeth. 'Young man, where have you been brought up? No, we don't want it. Sir, show me in the next man!'

"Sketches?" said the spectacled personage behind the desk, in another "private office." "That sort of thing don't go down nowadays with the reading public."

"If you would do me the favor to look at me, sir—" faltered Willis.

"Much obliged; but we'd rather not," said the spectacled gentleman. "John, hand me the directory!"

And this, with trifling variations, was the programme of the day.

The last place into which Willis dragged his weary limbs was the office of a thriving illustrated weekly. The editor gave a groan.

**Dangerous Kerosene.**

Professor John T. Stoddard says in *Popular Science Monthly*: Kerosene, in virtue of its cheapness and the brilliant light it gives, has found its way into almost every house. And yet frequent and often horrible accidents prove that much of the oil now sold is of a most dangerous character. It is the recognized duty of the State to render the sale of such oil impossible by proper inspection.

Almost daily reports of loss of property and life, as the result of the use of unsafe kerosene, show, however, that this official control fails to effect its object. This may be due, in a measure, to the undoubted negligence of cities and towns to appoint competent inspectors—if, indeed, any appointment is made—or to the carelessness of the inspectors, but of greater importance even than this are the low standards adopted, and the unreliability of the tests which are used to determine the character of the oil.

Petroleum, from which kerosene is prepared, is, as is generally known, a mixture of a large number of intimately related compounds of widely differing volatility. Some are gaseous, and escape in this form as the petroleum issues from the ground, while others form the solid paraffine. The middle portions of the crude oil are separated from the more and less volatile compounds by distillation, and after a further process of purification go into the market as kerosene. The entire removal of the lighter and more volatile portions, which are known as naphtha and benzine, is of the utmost importance, for it is in their presence that the dangers lie. Alone, they are easily ignited, and alone or mixed even in small proportion with kerosene, they readily emit vapors which are inflammable and which with air form an explosive mixture.

**A Big Pearl From the Panama Canal.**

The various industries along the line of the new American canal seem to have already received an impetus from its construction. Among others the pearl fishery is being pushed on with great vigor, and with a good deal of success, as many fine specimens have lately been found. Among some consigned to Mr. Benson, Bond street, is a very fine-shaped pearl, called the "Lesseps," weighing nearly 200 grains. It is about the most important that has been in the market for many years, and takes its place in the list of the largest known pearls in the world.—*London Telegraph*.

Willis Hilton said nothing more, but

then and there he made up his mind. And the next autumn he came back to his farm.

"Why, Uncle Zephaniah," said he, "I've decided to stick to the old business."

"EH?" said Uncle Zeph. "But you're a genius, Willis, you know!"

"I am not sure whether I am or not," said Willis, with a smile. "At all events I've determined to come back and display my abilities on the farm. My wife likes the idea, and—"

"Your wife?" said Uncle Zephaniah. "Kate Petronel," explained Hilton. "We were married last week. I'm going back after her to-morrow."

"Well," said Uncle Zephaniah, reflectively chewing a dead cherry-leaf, "that's the best news I've heard yet."

So Mr. and Mrs. Hilton went to house-keeping in a modest way, and throve exceedingly, and Willis has almost forgotten how to make and like rhyme, but he is great in selecting a pair of oxen or ter-tilizing a field of rye.

And when Mrs. Petronel, of Blackford Square, hints how fond she is of the country, and how the gaities of Newport and Saratoga pall upon her senses, Kate and Willis are deaf.

"She shall never be invited here again," says Kate, screwing up her rose-bud of a mouth in a most decided manner. And Willis only laughs, and remains, sage-like.

"I do not wish to live on charity," he said.

"My love, your will is law!"

## A Lighthouse Heroine's Home.

A Newport (R. I.) correspondent says: Within a short mile of the quay at Newport, Lyme rock rises out of the water of Narragansett Bay. On this rock stands the old lighthouse which was tended for many years by the father of Ida Lewis, and of which she now under the seal of the Government commission, is keeper. Securing the services of the captain of a diminutive boat, I sailed on the waters blue to her abode for the purpose of paying her my respects. As we approached the rock an immense mastiff with head and paws like a lion and a roar like far-off thunder, came to its extreme verge and disputed our landing. He was entirely successful until the heroine appeared, called him off in the lowest of tones, and locked him up in an outhouse. She then invited me into the little house on the top of which rests the beacon light which has for so many years warned the navigator of hidden dangers, and at once entered into easy and unrestricted conversation.

She said that she had for twenty-five years lived on that rock; that she used to be fond of going into the city once in awhile, but that she cared very little for it now; that she always had a great many visitors in the summer, a few years ago the number reaching thousands in one season. She showed me her medals, received from Congress, the State of Massachusetts, and the city of Newport, and a solid silver teapot from the officers at Fort Adams, all bearing suitable inscriptions in testimony of her heroism in rescuing so many human beings from watery graves.

Miss Lewis is rather above medium height, of somewhat slender figure, good features, and great earnest eyes, between brown and gray. While she cannot be called handsome, her face is one to interest and attract. Her style of conversation is piquant and vivacious, and although not educated she is very intelligent. Everything about her and her apartments bore the evidence of neatness, care, and good taste. Her mother, a venerable old lady, with thick silver hair, was very talkative and discoursed on matters and things, personal and otherwise, at length. She informed me she had the rheumatism in her feet and Ida insisted that it was because she had dyed her hair for so many years. She communicated the intelligence that her daughter was forty years old, at which Miss Ida evinced a slight tinge of annoyance and remarked: "Mother thinks she must tell every one my age." But she quickly added: "Well, I don't care, it don't make any difference. I don't object to getting old."

## Dangerous Kerosene.

Professor John T. Stoddard says in *Popular Science Monthly*: Kerosene, in virtue of its cheapness and the brilliant light it gives, has found its way into almost every house. And yet frequent and often horrible accidents prove that much of the oil now sold is of a most dangerous character. It is the recognized duty of the State to render the sale of such oil impossible by proper inspection.

Almost daily reports of loss of property and life, as the result of the use of unsafe kerosene, show, however, that this official control fails to effect its object. This may be due, in a measure, to the undoubted negligence of cities and towns to appoint competent inspectors—if, indeed, any appointment is made—or to the carelessness of the inspectors, but of greater importance even than this are the low standards adopted, and the unreliability of the tests which are used to determine the character of the oil.

Petroleum, from which kerosene is prepared, is, as is generally known, a mixture of a large number of intimately related compounds of widely differing volatility. Some are gaseous, and escape in this form as the petroleum issues from the ground, while others form the solid paraffine. The middle portions of the crude oil are separated from the more and less volatile compounds by distillation, and after a further process of purification go into the market as kerosene. The entire removal of the lighter and more volatile portions, which are known as naphtha and benzine, is of the utmost importance, for it is in their presence that the dangers lie. Alone, they are easily ignited, and alone or mixed even in small proportion with kerosene, they readily emit vapors which are inflammable and which with air form an explosive mixture.

**A Big Pearl From the Panama Canal.**

The various industries along the line of the new American canal seem to have already received an impetus from its construction. Among others the pearl fishery is being pushed on with great vigor, and with a good deal of success, as many fine specimens have lately been found. Among some consigned to Mr. Benson, Bond street, is a very fine-shaped pearl, called the "Lesseps," weighing nearly 200 grains. It is about the most important that has been in the market for many years, and takes its place in the list of the largest known pearls in the world.—*London Telegraph*.

Willis Hilton said nothing more, but

## HOW BAGGAGE IS HANDLED

### A TALK WITH THE TRUNK FLEND AT A RAILROAD DEPOT.

**He Draws a Line Between Various Drummers and Tells How Bogus Claims for Damages are Made.**

"We handle all trunks carefully," said an old baggage master of a well-known railroad company as he deftly dropped a huge Saratoga trunk so as to strain every rivet and nail that bound it. "The old idea of baggage smashing is done away with. Trunks are made too solid nowadays, and can stand a deal of handling. Some years ago passengers with light trunks bound them with strong cords, knowing how careless baggagemen were, but now we rarely receive any with ropes around them. Seldom do we get a trunk that has been broken or torn while in transit. Baggage-masters are too careful—the rules of the company are very strict since they were obliged to pay for the carelessness of their employees. Trunks are made of various materials.

"The neatest and most substantial is the sole-leather trunk. It can be easily handled, will withstand much wear and tear, and can be pitched and tossed without doing any damage. Good sole-leather trunks are expensive, ranging from \$25 to \$150. English tourists always have them. Metal trunks are also much in use. They are manufactured of zinc and tin, cost comparatively little and are very durable.

"Commercial salesmen carry the largest trunks. Of course the various trades need different sizes in order to hold their samples.

"The clothing drummers' trunks are the largest. Twelve will easily fill half a car. They are generally made of wood and a good amount of iron bands, steel corner pieces, and have from three to four locks. They are difficult to handle, being generally very heavy. It is not the weight we object to, but the ungainly size. Then the hat salesmen, their trunks are large, but not very heavy. Some of them would make a fair sized shanty. All drummers object to paying overweight on baggage. They resort to all kinds of subterfuges, but our rules are inviolate, so they reluctantly pay the charges.

"Last week we received a huge trunk

from the trainmaster; it was in three sections. The cover came first, the next train brought the body of the trunk, but we found that the locks and straps were missing, so we telegraphed ahead and three hours later received them. We rarely lose a trunk; we have a perfect system of tracing any lost article. If a loss is reported we usually send a tracer after the missing package and find it somewhere along the line. Sometimes we fail to recover the desired parcel and that case the company will at all times do the right thing rather than be involved in litigation.

"Last year we handled over 200,000 trunks at this end. We keep a record of every trunk bag, package or parcel passing through our hands for which we give a brass check. Only seven were lost in transit. I come in contact with some curious people. Some claim baggage for which they have no check. Others say they have not received all that was delivered at the other end, while many cranks call for packages, that are afterward found by train-men, which they unconsciously left in the cars and imagine they had them checked and lost the brass plate.

"Women are the worst to deal with. Only lately a lady had a small package checked. Through an oversight of the parcel clerk we failed to send it on the first outgoing train, but on the following one, thereby delaying the delivery about three hours. Failing to receive her package at once, she entered complaint with the superintendent, who, after careful investigation discovered that the parcel reached its destination a little late. The parcel clerk lost his position. I was surprised to learn afterward that the package in question contained two pounds of ordinary mixed candy, valued at forty cents. Still it cost the clerk his job.

"Another lady called some days ago and presented a check from another railroad. She insisted that the trunk was left with me. After soundly abusing me she left, firmly vowing to sue the company. No argument could convince her that the desired trunk could probably be obtained if applied for at the right quarter.

"We are obliged to be civil to every one."

## PERILS OF A COAL MINE

DANGERS ENCOUNTERED BY MINERS IN THE COLLIES.

Some Marvelous Escapes from Instantaneous Death—Saved only by a Dispise of Great Nerve.

"Escapes! Yes, sir, I've had one or two near shaves, and I don't suppose there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same."

The speaker was a hardy, toil-worn coal-miner, who had come to see me on some parish business. And many is the thrilling talk which, by considerable pressure—for be it known that most of these men think lightly and speak but little of their dangers—the country parson may extract from his fellow men in black among the coal-pits.

"Yes, sir; I've had one or two. Once I was let down into the sump in eight feet of water."

This man was a shaftsman. The "shaft," as you know—or perhaps you don't know—is the circular perpendicular "well" by which access is gained to the horizontal beds of coal lying at various depths before the surface. The depth of the shaft in various mines ranges from tens to hundreds of fathoms. The duty of the shaftmen is to keep this in repair. Often their work must be done sitting with one leg through a loop attached to the steel-wire rope by which they are drawn up and down, or standing on a simple scaffold hung to the side of the shaft; and a man needs a stout heart and steady nerve to work plably, suspended over a chasm a hundred fathoms deep. The ordinary mode, however, of journeying up and down the shaft is in the "cage," an iron structure open to two sides, steamed in its course by two grooves, which fit in two wooden "guides" extending the whole depth, and fixed to the sides of the shaft. I must also explain that the "sump" is the very bottom of the shaft. The shaft is sunk a few fathoms lower than the lowest seam of coal that is being worked. In the lowest part of the shaft, euphoniously termed the "sump," the water which oozes from the sides of the shaft finds its way, is constantly being pumped out, to prevent the flooding of the pit.

How could a man be let down into the sump and escape alive, seemed a mystery to me. "How on earth did you get out?" I asked. "I suppose they drew the cage up at once?"

"Never," said the shaftman. "The engineman by mistake or accident, ran her right down into the sump, and there she stuck, while the other cage was right up at the pulleys. The engine power was lost, and he couldn't get her up."

"Then how did you escape?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Why," he answered, with a grim smile, "I had to get out the way they catch sparrows at Gateshead."

"How's that?"

"The best way I could. I managed to get out of the cage. There was only just room to squeeze up between the cage and the side of the sump, and I climbed up by the timbers to the top of the water. I was near done when I got out, and then I had to travel round about and get out by a stapple. It was two hours before I got home. The engineman was nearly off his head. They were all sure I was killed, and were seeking about how to get the cage up again."

"Wasn't it a awful going down?" I said. "Didn't you lose your head?"

"I can tell you it was. The cage came down with a run, and clashed into the water like a clap of thunder."

"What did you think?" I asked. "I wonder you kept your senses."

"Well," he said, "I knew what was going to happen, when I felt her going. The water came on me, and I knew there was eight feet above me; and I thought: 'Well, it's a queer thing if I've come here to be drowned.' I had my thick leather jacket on; and I swallowed a lot of water; but I scrambled out somehow. But it was a near thing, I can tell you."

"Oh," he continued, "there are queer things happen. Once, another man and I were drawn up over the pulley. That's not the big pulleys, you know, sir; but the little wheel with the small rope, a few feet above the shaft, which we use for shaft work. This other man and I had been at work, sitting in the loops hanging on the rope; and when the engine drew us up again, she ran away, and drew us right over the pulley. At least I went up; and the other man hung on the other side balancing. My hands were cut off the wheel; but I held on till they cut us down. But it was a rough ride, was that. Well, good night, sir."

I wondered how many lives this man had, and how he could go away so cheerfully to meet day by day the perils of his toil.

The following may show that gratitude to a higher power is often felt than expressed to the outer world. Pardon a little preliminary detail. Square tubs, or four wheels, running on tram lines along the workings of the pit, are used for drawing the coals to the shaft. On some occasions, as when going to a distant part of the workings, one or two tubs will be drawn by a pony, each tub carrying perhaps four men. When the seams are low, there will be a space of only a few inches between the edge of the tub and the "balks" of timber placed crosswise to support the roof of the coal seam; thus the men must keep their heads down to the level of the edge of the tub.

"On one occasion," said my informant, "three of us were crouched down in a tub. The pony was going at a walk up a slight rise. I can't tell you how it happened, but I must have raised my head unconsciously above the level of the tub. I felt my forehead touch a crossbeam in the roof, and before I had time to reflect, I knew that I was in deadly peril. The forward movement of the tub jammed my head between the beam and the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free; but I couldn't. All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead. Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony of mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped. No one had touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered no cry. The pony stopped. I drew down my head, and crouched almost fainting in the tub. My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale

I looked. For weeks, whenever I went down the pit, I was almost unnerved by this terrible recollection. And I tell you, sir, I've read of drowning people seeing at a glance all the past scenes and doings of their lives—I never thought much of it—but I tell you, every scene and deed of my life seemed to come before me in a flash of light. I saw everything I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day. How it was that pony stopped and my life was saved, I can't say; but if it wasn't Providence, I don't know what else it can be."

A similar miraculous escape was told me by one of the managers of a pit.

"I was down making a survey, with a man and a young assistant. We sat down to rest side by side, our backs against the wall of the coal. The man was sitting on my right hand, the assistant on my left. After we had sat a few seconds, the assistant, with no apparent reason, got up and went and sat at the other end of the row, next to the man. He had no sooner sat down, than, without any warning, a huge mass of stone crashed down from the roof on the very spot where the assistant had been sitting. Part of it grazed my arm, but did no injury. 'A near shave for you,' we both said to the assistant. 'It was a near shave,' he replied, somewhat nervously. We went on with our work. Perhaps we spoke lightly; but I believe not one of us could have said all he thought."—*Chambers' Journal*.

### The Rio Market.

Worlds within themselves are the markets or mercados of Rio. Great are they in extent, rich in variety, teeming in interest and loud in smell. The visitor will have no difficulty in finding these interesting places if he follows the dictates of his own organ of smell, for the odor of the markets is greater, stronger and richer than all the other odors of the city, and can be detected a square or so away. The market I would essay to tell you about, and the one that often attracted me at times when I felt able to wade through the unpleasantness of the place, is situated on the bay shore, and has its docks for the fish and vegetable boats. You may have seen the French market in New Orleans. If you have, and are gifted with an imagination that can picture a similar place a little larger in size, many times more curious and crowded, twenty times more dirty, you may have a faint idea of what this market may be like.

In its area, which is about equal to that of an ordinary city square, are comprised a greater assortment of things than could be dreamed of in a month. In sheds and stalls and stands are offered for sale a most miscellaneous lot of merchandise, perishable and otherwise. Everything you could find in the North is here, beside the infinite variety of things the existence of which the people of the North never had the faintest idea.

The chief sources of impure water in cisterns are the inflowing of filth from the outside, gaseous contamination from any sewer or cesspool near at hand and decaying organic matter from the gutters and water pipes. The remedies are obvious; construct the cistern so as to exclude all outside contaminations and keep the roofs and gutters, down which the rain washes into the cistern, clean and free from fallen leaves, etc.

Professor R. C. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural college, has given the subject of cisterns and their contents much study and investigation. He says that examination and analyses have proved that the purest water is always at the top and the foulest at the bottom of the cistern, hence by keeping the receiving end of the pump-pipe near the surface of the water one may avoid most of these impurities. The pipe may be kept near the surface by attaching it to a float. A two-gallon jug, closed with a good cork, well waxed over, makes an efficient float. Wire the end of the lead pipe to the handle so that the jug will float with the mouth down and keep the pipe within a foot or two of the surface of the water.

Professor Kedzie recommends, also, that cisterns be made self-cleansing by means of an overflow pipe to carry off impurities from the bottom. The overflow pipe may be of tin or galvanized iron in the shape of the letter f, three inches in diameter; the bottom of the f reaching within two inches of the bottom of the cistern and the upper part of the tube passing water-tight through the wall of the cistern up to the height it is desired to limit the filling of the cistern. When the cistern fills to the top of the tube the excess of water will flow away through the pipe, but all the water that escapes must come from the bottom, thereby removing foul water and accumulated filth. A cistern constructed so as to exclude vermin, made frost-tight, with overflow pipe to carry off impurities from the bottom and the pump-pipe wired to a jug-float, so as to keep the receiving end near to the surface, will keep in good condition an indefinite length of time and provide water that is whole-some.—*New York World*.

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### Sand for a Clay Soil.

Twenty-four years ago, says a writer in an exchange, we had three or four inches of sand carted on part of a garden, the soil of which was too clayey for the successful or convenient raising of garden vegetables. When this sand was well worked in, the whole became an excellent sandy loam, just the soil for agreeable working. The labor of drawing on the sand was considerable; but it was done in winter, when there was little else for the man and team to do, and the fine condition of the soil remains as good as at first, and probably will for a century to come, as the sand does not evaporate, wash away or become consumed in the growth of plants, as will manure.

#### The Profits of Eggs.

The *Poultry World* thinks it more profitable to raise eggs than chickens. This is what it says: We make no allusion to those large establishments where raising chickens as chickens for a near city market is undoubtedly a paving business. But we address the common poultry raiser, living perhaps a considerable distance from market, who wishes to make the most of his stock. And to such we say raise every pullet your premises will accommodate. Treat them in such a manner that they will lay early and constantly through the winter, and you will make more money than you can by raising chickens to sell for broilers, unless at the fancy prices that such things bring in cities. Most country breeders have no such market for what they chance to have to sell, and the small prices they obtain at a country hotel or the house of the wealthy citizen, by no means pays for the extra trouble and care that early chickens cost. Of course, if you have a large number of fowls, there would necessarily be cockerels and old hens to fatten for sale, but do not make it your business to sell dead stock instead of making live hens give you hundreds of eggs every year of their lives."

#### Sell-Cleaning Cisterns.

Not one farmer in one hundred knows how to manage a cistern so as to keep the water in it pure and wholesome. The majority use the water so long as it can be tolerated. Then when the odor becomes intolerable the cistern is cleaned out.

The chief sources of impure water in cisterns are the inflowing of filth from the outside, gaseous contamination from any sewer or cesspool near at hand and decaying organic matter from the gutters and water pipes. The remedies are obvious; construct the cistern so as to exclude all outside contaminations and keep the roofs and gutters, down which the rain washes into the cistern, clean and free from fallen leaves, etc.

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#### The Value of Green Manures.

Farmers have an exceedingly inadequate idea of the value of green manures.

One who will sow his seed and wait patiently for the crop will be too impatient to grow a crop of rye or corn or clover to be plowed under to enrich the soil, and return its rich harvest another year.

Another will spend hundreds of dollars for purchased manure or fertilizers, but will not spend tens in growing a crop to plow into the soil for the same purpose. And there are farmers who have determined to plow under a clover sod and have top-dressed in the fall or winter with this intention, but who have lost heart when they have seen a luxuriant growth on the ground, which seemed to be a waste of good fodder, as they have said, and so they have waited and have either pastured it or mowed it off and robbed the soil of food which it sorely needed. This would seem quite different if farmers would think of their soil as something to be fed and supported to enable it to yield its produce, as much as a cow that yields milk or a sheep that yields wool. There are some close analogies between our fields and our animals.

An animal is a machine—if we like to call it so—by which we make salable products from raw materials. It is inexhaustible for its term of life so long as it is fed; but it is really inexhaustible in fact, because, before its useful life ends, it reproduces itself several times and simply becomes a link in a chain which we may draw out indefinitely without reaching the end of it.

So that in this view of it even an animal is inexhaustible so long as it is fed.

And so is the soil, and no more and no longer, and, indeed, if it is not fed, a field will be mere dead, useless matter just as a starved cow or sheep will be. The farmer must learn to think of his land in this way or he gets a wrong idea of it.

He must not neglect to study up the science of feeding his fields as he reads

up that of feeding his live stock.

He must become acquainted with feeding tables and rations and kinds of food for the land as well as for animals, and must provide them liberally. And as clover is accounted an excellent food for stock so it is an excellent food for land. But, at the same time, as there are other fodders which can be used along with clover, or as a substitute when helped out by more stimulating food, so there are other crops beside clover which may be made to serve as food for the soil. Indeed, the soil is not very exacting in this respect, although it will never give something for nothing, and always returns freely in exact proportion to what it receives and no more; but it is omnivorous and has an exceedingly strong digestion. So that the farmer cannot go astray if he will always provide something for it. It may be weeds and no more, but it is better if it is a crop of buckwheat, and better still if it is rye or corn or even turnips or rape, but best of all if we can give it rich clover which goes down deeply and draws food from the sub-soil and opens its broad leaves to the air and gathers them in for the seed and labor he has expended. There are other ways of manuring the soil, but among them plowing in of green crops has no superior.—*New York Times*.

#### Farm and Garden Notes.

Dr. Caldwell speaks very highly of oatmeal as food for milk cows.

Money spent in paint for farm buildings and implements is money saved.

It will pay everybody who keeps hens to provide them with plenty of clean water or milk at this season.

It is a mistaken notion that any soil is good enough for beans. Beans require good soil well prepared for paying results.

Have a big, cheap wash boiler. Put it on a back kitchen stove, with soft water. Into this put all the bones, potato peelings, bread scraps, gravy, meat, vegetables, etc., that comes from your table. Add any food—corn, rye, barley, meal—for chickens that you may happen to have. Add also red pepper and salt. Dump this into a trough for your chickens while the heat of the boiling has not gone out of it. Crack the bones and it will pay in eggs. We give this feed in the morning. Some of our neighbors prefer it at night. We get the most eggs.

The *Country Gentleman*, reporting its experiments in sub-soiling during the past season, claims to have had best success with potatoes. With this crop the increase in yield over those planted in the ordinary manner was about thirty-three per cent. in quantity, while the quality was much improved, the tubers being larger, fairer and less affected with rot. The results with corn were less flattering, although an increase of about twenty per cent. was secured. The improvement in the crop of potatoes was certainly sufficient to make it worth while for farmers in general to give the plan a thorough trial. Small potatoes, cut, were used for seed.

To show how cold weather affects cows an intelligent dairy farmer mentions a case where a herd of cows, which had usually been supplied from troughs and pipes in the stalls, were, on account of an obstruction in the pipes, obliged to be turned out twice a day while the weather was cold to be watered in the yard. The quantity of milk instantly decreased, and in three days the falling off became very considerable. After the pipes were mended, and the cows again watered as before in their stalls the flow of milk returned. Cows when giving milk are more sensitive to the cold than when they are dry, and exposure to severe cold interferes with the secretion of milk.

If crops are not kept free from weeds fertilizers are lost or do more harm than good by furnishing food for the weeds. This was clearly shown by some recent experiments made by Sir J. B. Lawes, of Rothamstead, where a plat of mangolds planted for forty years on the same ground was much more thrifty than the main crop, which had been heavily manured. The experimental plat was kept exceedingly clean, while in the main crop, owing to the wet season, the weeds were numerous.

It is an erroneous idea that corn alone is the best diet for pigs. It is too heating and is deficient in albuminoids. To correct this we must add an article, says the *Breeder's Gazette*, that will make up for the deficiency. For example, skim milk is highly nitrogenous and has nearly four per cent. of true albuminoids. Two and a third pounds of skim milk contain as much albuminous food as is found in one pound of corn. But we cannot always add milk. Linseed cake, meal or pea meal greatly increases the value of corn as a hog feed. The pig kept in a small pen, getting milk and table scraps, with a little corn, is noted for continued good health and even development.

#### Household Hints and Recipes.

To make corn bread, take two cups of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, one cup of molasses, one quart of sweet milk, two eggs; stir with wheat flour about as stiff as for cake and bake in a deep dish.

Lemon cookies are made of one large cup of sugar, a little more than half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonsfuls of hot water; flavor with lemon, and use just flour enough so that you can roll the cookies out thin; bake in a quick oven.

An old-fashioned and toothsome spice cake is made of three pounds of seedless raisins, one and a half pounds of citron, two and a half coffee cups of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, four cups of flour, six eggs, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, three teaspoonsfuls of cinnamon and two of mace.

It is not generally known that when coffee beans are placed upon hot coals or upon a hot plate the flavor arising is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no heat is obtainable, even the spreading of ground coffee on the object to be disinfected is most satisfactory.

For ham and eggs on toast, chop fine cold boiled or baked ham. Toast and butter slices of stale bread; crush the crust with a napkin to soften it. Spread with the ham and set in oven for three or

four minutes. Beat six eggs with a half cupful of milk, a little pepper and salt. Put this in a saucepan and stir over the fire until it begins to thicken. Take off, beat well for a moment, spread over the ham on toast; serve hot immediately.

To clean stained wood work which is also varnished, an old housewife recommends the saving of tea-leaves from the teapot for a few days. Drain them and when you have a sufficient quantity put them in clean, soft water; let them simmer for half an hour. When almost cold, strain them out, and, dipping a flannel cloth in the water, wipe off the paint, drying it with another flannel cloth. One cup of tea leaves to one quart of water is the due allowance.

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## Wendell Phillips is Dead

But will he ever be thought of as dead; and is he not with us a living presence in the memory of what his life has wrought into the warp and woof of the nation's history? Language seems inadequate to draw the picture of the man whose word-paintings have made him famous even unto the uttermost parts of the civilized world. Born and reared in luxury, educated in the most liberal manner, with great natural abilities and with a power as an orator unequalled by any man of his day and generation, far removed from want by inheritance, Wendell Phillips had every inducement to consider himself one who should glide through life on flowery beds of ease and accept the best places which wealth, power and influence could jointly bestow. There was no social, professional or political height to which he might not justly have aspired, and no position which he might not have filled with distinguished ability and with the applause of his contemporaries. The rich and powerful would cheerfully and willingly have bestowed upon him all the honors which most men seek and prize. Yet the ambitious and brilliant young lawyer, who saw that his circumstances offered such promises, deliberately cast them aside and for nearly half a century devoted his whole energies, his voice, his time, his money, to the relief of the poor and the oppressed, without regard to sex, race, color or condition. This was the distinguishing feature of this man's life, and he chose this path under luxurious circumstances, such as would have held back most men as with a grip of iron.

He was the one man in a million who would cut loose from such surroundings, turn his back on such a brilliant outlook and walk steadily in the path of duty. Men who differed from him, and even those who were the subjects of his merciless and matchless criticism, never doubted his sincerity or failed to respect his honesty of purpose.

The second issue of the "Waltham Backwoodman" came to us this week by the courtesy of a member of the Board of Selectmen. The paper is crowded with strong sentences and vigorous language against city government for Waltham, and editor Peirce certainly has the courage of his convictions. In his editorial he says:—"The editor in chief has been hit several times, though not hard enough to knock out any his egotism." In another place he speaks of "The Arlington Advocate, one of the most witty, enterprising and best conducted papers in the county," showing himself appreciative as well as energetic.

It seems hardly possible, for the din and bustle of the last campaign still rings in our ears and the tragedy which so soon followed its close no one has forgotten, and yet the preliminary canvass for the Presidential nominees is even now well under way, and there is a gravitation towards President Arthur as one of the standard bearers that would not have been dreamed of three years ago. How often the public is obliged to revise its estimates of public men!

Exemplification of the work of the "Blue Lodge Degrees," formerly given in Boston, is now delegated to District Deputies, and the lodges comprising this Masonic District will meet in the lodge room of Hiram Lodge, Arlington, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, Feb. 13, under the direction of the D. D. G. M., George W. Storer. The meeting will be quite a notable one in the history of Masonry in this section.

The fifth annual reception of the Appalachian Mountain Club was held Wednesday evening at the Revere House. There were present about 150 ladies and gentlemen. A pleasant social evening was passed and a collation was enjoyed.

Arlington enjoys the distinction of a representative on the staff of the Mass. Dept. G. A. R., John H. Hardy, Esq., past Commander of Post 36, having been appointed Judge Advocate by the new Commander.

Read what police officer Grant, of New Haven, says in another column.

## ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

### WOBURN.

The principal run seller of this town is Thomas Salmon, a member of the Board of Selectmen as well as the representative to the General Court from the District comprising the town. A long time ago cases were made against him in the lower courts which he has been able to carry forward to the Supreme Court. Recently a decision was reached, and as it is against him in every particular it only remains for the proper officers to produce him in court this term for sentence. The cause of good order would be served by pressing him to the full extent and give him employment under Mr. Adams, at East Cambridge, instead of assisting in making laws for the Commonwealth.

Mr. Mark Allen, of the Advertiser, achieved a vice-presidency at the recent meeting of the Press Association; and was chairman of the committee on resolutions on the death of Wendell Phillips.

Mr. John L. Parker, a Woburn boy, but now of the Lynn Item, is achieving fame as the song writer of the Grand Army. He gave it "We Old Boys," and has now issued "Mustered Out," a beautiful song and chorus for memorial services. It is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

### MALEDEN.

The Maleden Mirror of last week gave a picture of the old Judson estate in that town in connection with the following item:—

Miss Abigail B. Judson died at Plymouth, Mass., Friday morning of last week, aged 26 years. She was the daughter of Rev. Adoniram Judson, who for three or four years was pastor of the First church of Maleden. She was a sister of Rev. Adoniram Judson, Jr., the renowned missionary to Burma, who was born in Maleden while the elder Judson was preacher there.

### STONEHAM.

This town boasts of three papers. A week ago one of them announced that in its next issue the publisher of a rival would be practically annihilated. We opened last week's issue of the Leader with great expectations, to find only an immense heading and a modest note saying what was intended to fill the space was omitted for fear of a libel suit. It was an awful fizzle.

### BELMONT.

Tuesday evening, at the homestead of Mr. Henry Y. Hill, the family celebrated the seventy-second birthday of the honored father with a pleasant family gathering. Their pastor, Rev. C. H. Watson, was with the party and the evening was one full of enjoyment for all. Belmont claims him as a citizen but in all but location himself and family are of Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Hill enjoy the respect of a wide circle in both towns.

### MEDFORD.

The Eastern Convocation of the Episcopal church opened on Wednesday at Grace church. The morning service was in memory of the late Rev. C. A. Raud, a victim of the City of Columbus disaster, who was its dean. The convocation was continued through Thursday.

### CAMBRIDGE.

Wednesday evening the body of a man with his skull crushed was found near the crossing of the Fitchburg railroad on North Avenue. It is supposed that his name was Neal O'Neil. Medical Examiner Holt viewed the body and an inquest is to be held.

### WATERTOWN.

Mr. George R. Snow, of Pathfinder R. R. Guide fame, fell on the ice last Monday and broke his left arm. It was a heavy fall of Snow, as George weighs about 250 pounds.

The excitement of the Abbott defalcation has subsided, but there are many sad hearts in this community that feel no relief. The Rev. A. M. Knapp preached a sermon last Sunday upon "Trust," in which he stated that the late trouble was all the more noticeable from being exceptional. Millions of dollars are honestly handled by those in positions of trust.

The Directors of the Union Bank are peculiarly unfortunate, having been in office but a short time, not long enough to be morally responsible for the trouble that has come upon themselves and the community.

### The Press Dinner.

The annual winter reunion of the Mass. Press Association was held at the Revere House (no other of Boston's many splendid hotels seems to give quite the satisfaction furnished by the proprietors of this old standard) on Tuesday, and was generally attended in spite of the driving storm. The old board of officers was re-elected and the usual business transacted, after which the social reunion was enjoyed in the parlors. At a little after two o'clock the company sat down to dinner, the principal invited guests being Gov.

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and wife, with representatives of the several Press Associations of adjoining states and proprietors of the Boston Theatre, whose yearly return courses has been an invitation to witness the dramatic attraction at their theatre on the evening of each annual gathering. At the close of the dinner Mr. Francis Proctor, the president, made a brief opening address, and then presented his Excellency the Governor, who was grandly received.

"There are many experiences that a Governor enjoys, he said in response, but it was seldom before his privilege to sit at a public dinner where there was made no distinction of sex. If a dinner is good enough for a man, it is good enough for his wife to enjoy. He was doubtful what claims he had on the Press Association. If he had not written for the press he had at least furnished material for the newspapers. Discussing the influence of the press, historically and during modern times, he said the time had come when, as Lord Mansfield had prophesied, the press writes down kings and makes rulers. The Governor quoted Jefferson in 1789 on the influence and duties of the press, and contrasted his utterances of that time with what the same man said in denunciation a few years later. Need I say, continued the Governor, that he had in the meantime been a candidate for office, and that he was then President of the United States. These two utterances of Mr. Jefferson convey a lesson; he believed the first, and he was convinced of the second. But I am not here to instruct the newspapers of Massachusetts. It is not only a public officer's duty, but it is his privilege to be discussed by the people, not only in November, but during any or all of the 365 days of the year. It is better that it is so, even if the officer suffers. It is no matter if the shepherd suffers if the flock is saved. I have got more than my deserts at the hands of the newspapers. (Cries of No!) I'm much obliged to you for saying No, right here. I believe the newspapers of the country as a whole are conducted as honestly as any business interest. Some mean men handle the quill. But conscienceless newspapers are soon known as such. The weekly paper that has here a more numerous representation occupies a very peculiar position. The sphere of the weekly paper is one of great power. It has an influence that the daily press does not possess. Local weeklies are not thrown aside, but are kept for perusal."

Other speeches followed, and these were interspersed with musical numbers by Miss Ellen E. H. Carter, a fine soprano; and Miss Alta Pease, a rich and strong contralto; and other volunteer artists.

### The Elevated Railroad.

The Meigs elevated railroad enterprise which is now before the Legislature, having successfully passed its first stages in the House of Representatives, provides for a corporation formed under so much of the general railroad law as may be applicable, to build and operate a road on the Meigs plan between Cambridge and Bowdoin square in Boston. The capital stock is to be not less than \$100,000 a mile, 10 per cent. of which is to be paid in before the certificate is granted, and 50 per cent. before construction is actually begun. The location is to be granted by the board of aldermen of each city, under such restrictions as they may deem expedient, and the location grant may be revoked at any time within one year. The bill binds the corporation to build one mile of the road and have it approved by the railroad commissioners and a competent engineer appointed by them and to be paid by the corporation, before any location is asked for within the city of Boston. Land damages, and damages accruing from the construction, maintenance or operation of the road, are to be determined in the same manner as when land is taken for a highway, but no title is to be acquired, or adverse entry effected until payment of damages has been made or security given therefor satisfactory to the owner.

These are the main features of the bill, and it is difficult to see how any member of the Legislature can fairly vote at them. They do what has always been urged as a desideratum—fix a specific location; and they also provide, with apparent completeness, for damages of all kinds—unless it be to the aesthetic feelings of those Bostonians who generally oppose everything. The location chosen for the experiment is one which has loudly demanded more rapid transit, and is favorable for a trial of Capt. Meigs' experiment.

Hon. E. S. Tobe is to succeed himself as postmaster of Boston. President Arthur has taken a long time to consider the matter, but has reached a decision generally satisfactory.

TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER. We know of nothing more effective for the cure of rough or chafed skin than Pearl's White Glycerine; it immediately relieves the soreness, and its healing qualities are certainly wonderful, leaving the skin soft and pliable. It can be used at any time.

Jet black ink, black on the instant. Equal to any French ink. Popular with every one who has used it. Stevens & Manchester, 37 West St., Boston.

A week of rainy, disagreeable

## Deaths.

In Lexington, Feb. 1, Mrs. Antoinette C., wife of Frank F. Raymond, aged 26 years, 4 months. In Lexington, Feb. 1st, Timothy Ryan, aged 99 years, 8 months.

In Arlington, Feb. 4, John, son of Isaac E. and Mary J. Robinson, aged 3 years, 3 months. In Arlington, Feb. 4, Jennie S., wife of Daniel Wyman, aged 25 years, 2 months, 6 days.

Alice Phelps (Davis) Merrim.

Born in Lexington, April 19, 1855. Died in Kingston, February 3, 1884.

Seldom have tidings of death been more startling than on Monday last when it was announced that the young wife of Rev. Charles L. Merriam, of Kingston, had died the night before, after a sudden illness of only two days. Many friends in Lexington have been deeply moved by the sad bereavement. It was here that the deceased had spent two-thirds of her life, and although for nearly nine years her home had been in Andover, yet she retained her social relations, and until recently her church membership, in the circle of her kindred and early friends in Lexington.

She was always fond of music, and during her residence in Andover she played the organ with much acceptance, in the new stone chapel on the Seminary grounds. By her gentle disposition, her winning manners and her unselfish character, she gained the respect and affection of all who knew her.

She was married on the 26th of June last, and shortly afterwards accompanied her husband, a recent graduate at Andover, to the pleasant parish at Kingston, in the Old Colony, where a commodious parsonage had been erected for their use. They received a cordial welcome from the people of the place and entered heartily into the work for which they were both so well qualified and in which they anticipated many years of increasing usefulness.

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## MY CREDITOR.

Oh, Love!  
Most sovereign power!  
By every tender token,  
By every fond word spoken  
By every hope and sigh.  
The glancing of an eye,  
The tell-tale blush,  
The hectic flush,  
Smiles, rhapsody, or tears,  
Unspoken doubts or fears,  
Unwritten songs to sunshine wed,  
Celestial dreams by fancy fed,  
From early morn to midnight hour,  
Each day, each day,  
Must I betray,  
And ever prove,  
Oh, Love! ah me!  
How much am I in debt to thee!

Oh, Love!

I here protest  
By every bond and fetter  
I'm an insolvent debtor,  
With but thy revenue  
To cancel debts long due.  
Early and late  
I liquidate  
With Love whatever I owe  
To either friend or foe,  
With pitying heart and willing hand  
Responding unto each demand  
With Love's accuring interest.

Life ebbs, and yet  
I'm in thy debt;  
And, dying, prove,  
Oh, Love! ah me!  
I cannot get release from thee.  
—Josephine Pollard.

## THE WOOD CHOPPER.

"You are really too bad, Horace!" and a touch of the whip to Whitefoot's sides emphasized Godfrey Howell's impatient exclamation.

His companion started from his reveries, and with a good natured laugh asked, "Why I?"

"Why! Have we not been riding side by side for nearly three hours, and have you not been mute as a fish all the time? I've suggested opera, the weather, the state of the nation, and various other original topics in vain; even a slightly disparaging remark upon the fair Clemmie's beauty only called forth a lazy 'Do you think so?'"

"Why should I be Miss Ryan's defender?"

"You admired her last winter."

"Oh, yes, as lately as this spring, but an accident revealed to me so hollow and heartless a nature beneath her fair face, that I lost my admiration die instantly. Oh! Godfrey, are there any real and true women left?"

"Sweet, innocent creatures! composed of all the domestic virtues bound in shilling calico! Pray, were you dreaming of such one in your long reverie?"

"No; I was thinking—"

"So I imagined. Come, out with it; I am quite curious to hear what formed the subject of your thoughts."

"I must go back a little to make you quite understand why they were so grossing. You may have heard that my uncle, who adopted me when I lost my parents, was an eccentric, indeed—some said—almost a crazy, man. And he certainly had very peculiar notions. Among these was a fixed aversion to authors, actors, painters, sculptors, and—I am quoting his words—'other gentlemen vagabonds.' You may then, imagine his fury when I declared my intention of becoming an artist. Every threat in the English language, every sort of abuse was poured out upon my devoted head to try and move me; but I felt 'hat a higher power had placed the longing in my soul for my happiness, and I was resolute. Then entreaties harder to resist than the threats, were tried; but my own convictions of the true aim of my life were not to be shaken. I had my little inheritance from my mother, and, by care, I could make that cover the expenses of my education. So the threat to disinherit me was powerless like all the rest, and I sailed for Italy, firmly determined to return an artist. There had been a strong love between my uncle and myself. I honored his good qualities, and was willing, for their sake, to humor his whims; and I was the only child of his only sister, whom he loved devotedly. So when I returned he sent for me, and in his own queer way made a bargain with me. If I will paint him one good picture, get it admitted to the academy, draw the prize, and sell it for enough to prove that my art will not beggar me, he will forgive all my obstinacy and take me home again."

"Well, where is the difficulty? You have painted pictures worthy of a place in the academy, and, if I mistake not, sold them too."

"They were all either portraits or his torical subjects. For this, my greatest effort. I want something new, something original. Historical subjects are so hackneyed, and I don't want to be represented in the catalogue by 'Portrait of a lady.' I was thinking over, for the hundredth time, all the subjects that have yet suggested themselves, when you spoke to me."

"Look!" cried Godfrey, reining his horse and pointing forward with the whip; "there is a subject!"

Through the broken gateway, which led from the road to a cottage, Horace saw his picture. The background was the stone-wall of the house, and the surroundings were a pile of wood, a gate, and the soft, green grass. Kneeling upon the largest log, with both chubby hands, to raise the heavy ax, was a child, whose white, polished limbs and lovely face were fair enough to rouse any soul to admiration. The dark blue dress of woolen fabric was scant enough to leave the dimpled shoulders and arms bare, and the plump, white foot had neither shoe nor stocking to hide its splendid beauty. Dark chestnut curls, escaping from a scarlet hood, shaded a bright face, whose large dark eyes were raised as the little one stood motionless, looking at the carriage and the two "city gentlemen."

"Lottie! Lottie! you little romp, where are you?"

The child started as the voice came floating out at the open window above her.

"I'm down here, chopping wood."

A sweet, bright face came out among the roses which surrounded the window, and then, with a merry laugh, the sister cried:

"Oh! Lottie, you naughty girl!" and

disappeared to reappear, a moment later, at the door.

"Miss Susie Laurie, by all that is beautiful!" cried Godfrey, and, tossing the reins to Horace, he sprang out of the vehicle, and in another moment was beside the young lady.

"Tie up the horse, Horace, and come here," he said, a moment later. "Miss Laurie is kind enough to promise us a country tea."

"I don't know what you think of Lottie," said their hostess, as she led the young men into the pretty parlor; "for the child is perfectly crazy. Aunt Harriet felt unequal to the constant gaiety of a watering place, this summer, and she required some change of air. So we took this cottage to rusticate for a few months. It is Lottie's first season of perfect freedom, and the child is absolutely crazy upon all country matters. Seeing some of the farmer's children in the neighborhood barefoot, she steals away and doffs her shoes and stockings whenever she can escape observation. Ah! here she comes!"

Such a quiet-looking child, in dainty shoes and stockings, with a pure white dress and demure face, stole in, that Horace entered a laughing protest against the transformation; and the cause of the stop before the gate was explained.

There was something—who can tell what?—that made Susie Laurie not unwilling to see Horace Lee's handsome face again, and she consented to allow Lottie to be painted. Aunt Harriet, who presided over the promised country tea, was quite willing to agree to the arrangement, and an appointment for a sitting the next day was made.

It took a long time to get the sketches to suit the young artist. Sometimes it was too early, sometimes it was too late. Often Lottie had escaped and was off in the fields or woods; yet these mishaps never tried the temper of the artist, or prevented his punctual appearance at the appointed time. Long walks or drives were made to look for the little wood-chopper, and as Horace felt the sister's hand on his arm, or heard her sweet voice in his ear, he would forget his uncle, his picture, everything but the lovely face upon which he gazed, and the happiness it was to be near Susie Laurie.

Oh! the old, old story! Who can tell all the whys and wherefores? They met—they loved!

The picture was finished at last, and placed in the Academy to draw forth many praises and win the prize. Yet even the renewal of his uncle's favor and the warm commendations of his friends did not give Horace the thrill of delight which he felt when Lottie put her arms around his neck and said,

"Susie says you're going to be my brother, and I'm awful glad!"—Anna Arnold in the *Artist*.

Anything but Dirt in the Navy.

Did you notice that man walk over to the curb and spit in the street? I'll bet he's been on shipboard. There a man's got to use either the spit-kids or spit over the side of the vessel into the water. They'll stand anything but dirt in the navy, you know.

How is this for a daily routine: When the bo'sn pipes up all hands in the morning they turn out, put up their hammocks, stow 'em away in the nettings, then sweep the decks. Mess-cloths are spread, and after breakfast the decks are swept down again.

At 11:30 A. M. sweepers are piped and then mess-cloths are laid for dinner, after which she is swept fore and aft once more. It's done twice more, before supper and after supper, making six times a day. You mustn't think they sweep only. Not a day passes but that the decks are either dry or wet stony.

A holy-stone is a big stone, flat and smooth on one side. The center of a long rope is made fast to it, and a squad of men lay hold of opposite ends and pull it backward and forward over the decks, which have been first wet down and sprinkled with sand.

In places that they can't reach, corners, you know, they make men get down on their knees with little handstones, called prayer-books, and scrub 'em out. After this they bend the hose to the pump and wash the sand away.

Men follow with squilleges, arrangements shaped like a hoe, with a strip of rubber tacked to the edge. They use em' to rub the heaviest part of the water off the decks.

Next comes another detail with swabs. They are like big hempen horses' tails, and are swung right and left. When the fibers get well saturated the swab is rung, and used over again. Light, flat sheet-iron charcoal stoves, the under side three feet square, are then suspended by long rods to within about a foot and a half of the deck, and swung backward and forward until the place underneath is pretty dry, when they shift them to other hammock-hooks and repeat this process. This is done three times a week, and dry-hoist-stones twice.

On such days the sweepers are used five times. The decks are always like the driven snow, and wouldn't soil a cambric handkerchief at any time. Now you can understand why a sailor learns to use the spit-kids—well, cupid-like—look here, who's spinning this yarn?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## An Important Want.

A Russian colonel sold one of his horses to a merchant at a very high price, intimating at the same time that he was very loath to part with it, the animal being so capable and intelligent as "only to want a tongue in order to be perfect." The merchant's delight at his bargain, however, was somewhat dashed by the news brought him next day by his groom that the horse was incapable of drinking properly, having only half a tongue. At this fatal revelation of the colonel's real meaning his victim at once laid the case before a magistrate; but the defendant maintained, amid the uproarious laughter of the entire court (including even the presiding judge himself), that he had given his customer fair warning of the defect, his words being that the horse "only wanted a tongue to make him perfect," and he appealed to the plaintiff himself for a confirmation of his statement, which the latter, with extreme reluctance, eventually gave. The magistrate pronounced that nothing could be done, and recommended that the affair should be compromised.

Not a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

## SOME AMUSING SKETCHES.

## COMICAL TALES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Leap-Year Effort—Students Floored—Bismarck's Cherries—How the Governor's Leg Grew On.

## A LEAP-YEAR EFFORT.

Handsome Young Smithers—"The weather is getting a little more pleasant."

Antique Miss Blifkins—"Yes; it is just lovely now for wedding tours."

H. Y. Smithers—"By the way, I understand that the government is to pursue a vigorous foreign policy."

A. M. Blifkins—"Indeed! I should think you would be more interested in domestic policies. Every young man should get a—"

H. Y. Smithers—"Yes, should get a position which would enable him to earn a living."

A. M. Blifkins—"Yes; for himself and wife."

H. Y. Smithers—"Ah, beg pardon! I believe a big fire has broken out up street. I must run and see if any of my property is in danger."

A. M. Blifkins—"Oh, don't go. That fire is nothing to the fire that burns in me!"

But he had fled.—*Philadelphia Call*.

## STUDENTS FLOORED.

A Lexington correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* tells a good story of old father "Raccoon John Smith," who was noted for his sharpness at repartee. He was frequently quizzed in order to hear his replies.

On one occasion three students of Georgetown college, Ky., saw him coming at a distance, and arranged that they would walk about twenty yards apart, and as they passed him the first one was to say: "Good morning, Mr. Abraham," the second to call him "Mr. Isaac," and the third "Mr. Jacob."

So the first called him "Mr. Abraham," and the old gentleman only seemed a little surprised that anybody there should not know him. The second one called him "Mr. Isaac," and the old gentleman evidently suspected something.

His familiarity with the Bible made him anticipate what the third was going to say, and he got ready for him. "Good morning, Mr. Jacob," said the third student.

"Stop, young man," said the old gentleman. "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob; I am Saul the son of Kish, in search of my father's asses, and behold, I have found three of them."

## BISMARCK'S CHERRIES.

The Paris *Figaro* publishes the following amusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the state dinners at Berlin, and at which the late Lord Beaconsfield and the marquis of Salisbury were present:

Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with cherries; the marquis of Salisbury observed it.

"Prince," said he, suddenly, "what you are doing is very unhealthy."

"What?" said Prince Bismarck, in astonishment.

"You have swallowed two cherry-stones."

"You are mistaken," said the prince, with marked coldness.

"Never!" replied Salisbury, with that hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" said Bismarck, his eyes shooting fire.

It was at this moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue.

"Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone."

"Two!" interrupted Salisbury, in a decided tone.

"Or two," continued Lord Beaconsfield, as calmly as possible; "and you, my dear lord and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, prince and marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question?"

"How!" murmured Bismarck.

"Your plate, highness, if you please?"

This last was in English, the correspondent adding that Lord Beaconsfield was the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talked French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table. All eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then, in that clear, piercing voice that has so often moved the house of commons, the English prime minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to forty-seven stones, and likewise with the stems, till he counted forty-nine. The proof was there—two stones were wanting.

Bismarck rose and said, in an agitated voice: "Marquis, you are right!" then turning, said in a loud voice: "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man!"

HOW THE GOVERNOR'S LEG GREW ON.

An old fellow from Bear Wallow visited the executive office the other day to talk with the governor and secure something to "blow" about his neighbor.

"Come in," said a pleasant-looking gentleman.

"Are you the governor?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, then, I've allus been mistaken about you. I had heard that you left one of your legs on the battle-field, and I see you've got two legs. How do you account for that?"

"Easy enough. When I took my seat as governor I had only one leg with me, having, as you say, lost the other one in battle. A short time after I took my seat I noticed that another leg had begun to grow out. At first I was alarmed, having never heard of such a performance, but after awhile I decided to await developments. The leg kept on growing until the ankle was reached. It stopped then for a few days, and I thought that the resurrection business was entirely suspended, but I was wrong. The leg was only gathering material with which to make its appearance. It reminded me of an old woman knitting a sock. It would have tickled you to death to see how skillfully and human-like the work of rounding off the heel went on. Occasion-

ally it would drop a stitch, but, sir, it would hop back and pick it up. I was very anxious about the instep, but my fears were soon allayed, for it was shaped off as perfect as anything you ever saw. At last, when the performance reached the toes, hanged if I didn't think that I would itch to death, but I couldn't scratch, for that would have spoiled the work. When the job was completed I could walk as well as any man in town, and I even ran a race with an old negro down on the river bank."

"Did you walk around while the grown was going on?" asked the man from Bear Wallow, regarding the governor with curious gaze.

"Oh, no. I had to remain perfectly quiet and allow my leg to lay on a kind of cot which I had prepared for the occasion."

"Did you talk to any of the doctors about it?"

"Yes, but they did not regard it as remarkable. One of our leading physicians said that election to office was very frequently the cause of legs and arms growing out, and gave it as his opinion that this was the reason crippled men were always after offices."

"It may not have seemed strange to the doctor, but dinged if it don't seem mighty strange to me."

"It did to me at first, but I soon got used to it; and let me remark that when a man is elected governor of Arkansas he will soon get used to a number of things he never heard of before."

"Now, when I go home an' tell the folks that the governor's leg has grown out, they'll believe it, for they don't think anything impossible with him, but when I tell 'em that I've seen the governor an' set down and talked to him familiar-like, they won't believe it. Can't you give me some sort of receipt showin' that I have seen you. Jest say:

"This here is to certify that John Kill-prune, of Bar Waller, has this day had a conversation with the governor."

"Now, when I go home an' tell the folks that the governor's leg has grown out, they'll believe it, for they don't think anything impossible with him, but when I tell 'em that I've seen the governor an' set down and talked to him familiar-like, they won't believe it. Can't you give me some sort of receipt showin' that I have seen you. Jest say:

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## AN APPALING SITUATION.

### SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE ON BOARD A BURNING VESSEL.

Suicides From Despair—Passing a Horrible Night on a Hot Iron Deck—The Rescue.

Fifteen of the crew of the San Augustin, the Spanish steamship which was burned in the Bay of Biscay, and two passengers, the last rescued from the vessel, were landed at Dover, England, from the steamer Granit. They gave many distressing details of the sufferings of those on board. The following particulars are taken from the statement of Mr. Armstrong, the chief engineer. After describing the outbreak of the fire and the fruitless efforts to subdue it, Mr. Armstrong says:

"About 5 p. m. we signaled a brig which came close up to us. There was a high sea at the time, and our captain, Mr. Juan, summoned us on to the bridge and held a consultation. He then ordered the engines to be stopped, and three boats to be lowered and towed. We had eighty-five souls on board, including two passengers. Some of the crew then got into the boats. One of the boats, in charge of the third officer, was damaged, being towed, and after being away an hour and a half returned to the ship, being unable to make the brig owing to the heavy sea. The men were completely exhausted in getting them on board again. One poor fellow was crushed between the ship and the side. He lived till 4 p. m. the next day in great agony. We saw no more of the other two boats. We had three boats remaining, one of which was destroyed by the fire. At 11 o'clock the same night we sighted two steamers. The captain then ordered the other two boats to be lowered and all the married men to get into them. The chief officer, who was in charge, took a lamp, and we could see the boats until close up to one of the steamers. On Monday morning, while Captain Juan was going from aft to the bridge, the mainmast fell, crushing him between the davits and the mast, and cutting his right foot off a little above the ankle.

"The second officer was following the captain, and, seeing the accident which had befallen him, returned to the cabin and shot himself through the head with a revolver. We passed buckets of water along, and by this means managed to reach the captain, and carried him into the smoke room, where his wounds were dressed by the doctor's assistant. About the same time four seamen were trying to pass from aft to forward, when they fell into the hold and were terribly burned. Their cries were heartrending. In the terror which this produced one fireman stabbed himself through the breast with a dagger, and two other men threw themselves overboard. At daybreak next morning the steamer Governor, came in sight and bore down on us. Two boats were sent, but kept too far off to be of much service. One sailor, a powerful swimmer, managed to reach one of the boats, but another poor fellow was lost in the attempt. About 2 p. m. another steamer hove in sight and sent a boat, which came much closer, and by throwing us a life-line at last succeeded in saving five of the crew.

"Captain Juan swung himself overboard with a life buoy and tried to swim to the boat. Finding the life buoy and a jacket he had on too much for him, he threw them off and struck out. But the heavy sea and the weakness he was suffering from from loss of blood proved too much for him, and, after about fifteen minutes' hard struggling, the poor fellow threw up his arms and sank. One of the passengers, Mr. Rodriguez, about the same time, with six of the crew, jumped overboard with life buoys, but they were all lost. Mr. Gogena, our third officer, then jumped overboard, and, in a vain attempt to reach the boat, sank. The boats then left us and did not return. The steamship Governor steamed away about 5 p. m., the other remaining until nearly daybreak, when she went away.

We passed a horrible night on the hot iron deck, our boots being nearly burnt off our feet and some of us nearly blind with the heat. We also suffered greatly from want of food and water. There were now seventeen of us remaining, including Mr. Vines (a passenger) and myself. We now began to give up all hopes of rescue. Our vessel was a complete wreck. The forecastle and funnels had fallen and the deck had fallen in. About nine next morning we sighted another steamer, which proved to be the Granit, bound for West Hartlepool. The chief officer (Mr. Boyle) came off to us in the lifeboat, at great risk to himself and crew, the weather at the time being very rough, with a high sea. After five hours' exertion on their part they got us safely on board. Owing to an arrangement between myself and Mr. Vines—being the only two who spoke English I was the first to leave the ship, Mr. Vines staying till last. We were all nearly totally blind and greatly exhausted and scorched. We cannot express the gratitude we owe to Captain Stott and his crew, who gave us clothing and treated us with every kindness.

**Great Seal of the United States.**  
Secretary Frelinghuysen says that the last great seal of the United States, used to attest the documents of the State department, was not in strict accordance with the design of 1782. He gives the following description of what the coat-of-arms should be:

Arms pale of thirteen pieces, argent and gules, in a chief azure, the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, holding in its dexter talon an olive branch, and in its sinister a bunch of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in its beak a scroll inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." On the crest over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or breaking through a cloud proper and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation proper on an azure field. Reverse—A pyramid unfinished, in the zenith an eye, and a triangle surrounded with a glory proper. Over the eye are these words: "Annuit Coeptis." On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCLXXVI and underneath the following motto: "Novus ordo seclorum."

Mr. Dalby, the English aurist, finds that congenital deafness is common among the offspring of cousins who marry, and that among the offspring of unrelated persons of whom one or both are congenitally deaf.

There are about 60,000 locomotives in the world, and 150,000 passenger and 500,000 freight cars.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Luminous paint has been applied to harness with desirable results. At night the position of the horse is clearly indicated, and it does not appear that the animal is alarmed in the slightest by his bright equipment.

In the stores of Paris glass is taking the place of wood for flooring. It costs more than wood, but it lasts longer, and beside easily kept clean allows enough light to be transmitted through its roughened surface for the employees to work by on the floor beneath. The glass is cast in squares and set in strong iron frames.

Lieutenant Diek, of the Russian army, has discovered a new luminous powder which has three colors—green, yellow and violet, the last-named giving the most powerful light. Mixed with water in a glass vessel, an illuminating liquid is produced which may prove very useful in mining and military operations. The illuminating power lasts for eight hours, when fresh powder must be added.

Dr. Carter Moffat recently delivered a lecture in Glasgow to a large audience, mainly composed of professional men and musical critics, on voice training by chemical means. Dr. Moffat maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beauty of the Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons taken from the audience, who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear rich, mellow tone being produced by one application.

M. Girard, director of the Paris Municipal laboratory, says that the chemical knowledge applied to the concoction of spurious foods and drinks is of a very high order, and would suffice to make the fortunes of the adulterators a dozen times over, if applied in an honest capacity. The matter which seems to have aroused him of late is a peculiarly ingenious thing in gooseberry jelly. It appears that the article is made entirely of seaweed. The coloring matter is fuchsine, and the flavor is given by a compound of acetic ether, tartaric acid, aldehyde, and anethic. Inspectors often recognize it from the fact that it is "a little more elegant than the genuine article."

### WISE WORDS.

There is no use in sweeping a chamber if all the dust comes out of the broom.

Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose.

Nothing so exasperates some natures as to be first thwarted, and then severely let alone.

There is no contagion so mysterious and awfully rapid in its transmission as that of a panic.

Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproot.

One of all European countries, Ireland has the least number of Jews in it.

No disease can show such quick results as heart disease: do not delay, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a specific. \$1 per bottle at druggists.

The thread of a story is generally caught by the eye of the reader.

**Favorite** is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many men. Of druggists.

Play tonic affection—Going out between the acts at the theatre.

"We know Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will cure heart disease. Thirty years' use and many persons of prominence testifying to prove it."—Readville Press. \$1 per bottle.

LIGHT literature—The chandler's journal. If illious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

Not born to blush unseen—The nose.

Are Dreams Prophetic? SOME INSTANCES IN POINT—HOW PREDICTIONS MAY BE DEFEATED.

Ten days before his death Lincoln dreamed that "the President" lay dead in the White House, "killed by the hand of an assassin." When his wife heard of the tragedy she exclaimed, "His dream was prophetic!" The majority of dreams, however, are never fulfilled—they are too fantastic, or they are solved by contrary events. People are often possessed of the idea that they shall soon die. They find themselves the subject of strange feelings. They know they are not what they once were, and as they approach certain ages they are quite sure they will not "be long of earth." These impressions as a rule are the result of an imagination disordered by disease, but they can be shaken off by prompt and thorough measures.

We are told that very many diseases can be prevented; indeed, half the deaths are said to be preventable! Hence the importance of always acting promptly in every personal emergency.

Justice William Moul, of West Sandlake, N. Y., very highly esteemed in Troy, was for years plagued by forebodings that he was doomed to an early death. He had dull and fitting pain in various parts of the body, his complexion was bad, his appetite was variable, he felt weariness without known cause, was continually constipated, his tongue was heavily coated, and frequent fevers and disorders appeared. Then followed extreme tenderness and pain in the back, great lassitude, grave deposits in water, which was dark, frothy and odorous, all indicating liver and kidney disorders. These developments alarmed him especially since physicians did him no good. About giving up in despair, he followed the counsel of one of the Supreme Court Justices to see Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy (of Rondout, N. Y.) as an experiment. It soothed his bad feelings, revived his appetite, restored his liver and kidneys, renewed his blood, increased his weight by twenty pounds and to it alone he gave the credit of saving his life.

Dreams and warnings and forebodings of early death need not always be fulfilled if proper measures are promptly taken to defeat them.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Catarrh—For fifteen years I have been greatly annoyed by this disgusting disease, which caused severe pain in my head, continual dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Ely's Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles. J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and 11th St., N. Y. Not a liquid or salve.

The life-giving properties of impure blood are restored by noted Samaritan Newing.

From Magazine, Ark., Mr. T. J. Gamble writes: Samaritan Newing cured my son's fits.

Millions have died with Bright's kidney disease and rheumatic disease. Dr. Elmore is the first to discover a cure. He has treated thousands with his Samaritan Newing and never lost a case. Always cure.

There are about 60,000 locomotives in the world, and 150,000 passenger and 500,000 freight cars.

Mr. Dalby, the English aurist, finds that congenital deafness is common among the offspring of cousins who marry, and that among the offspring of unrelated persons of whom one or both are congenitally deaf.

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[Correspondence.]

**WASHINGTON LETTER.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1884.

The United States of Ohio beats the world—either in fraternal good feeling or in angry political fights—and when two such champions as ex-speaker Keifer and Correspondent Boynton shake their quills at each other in language that means, "you lie sir"—there is no other way than to give them a chance to fight it out. This has been done, and each will have a chance to air his troubles before a Congressional Committee that don't care a copper which rooster whips. As for the contestants, they both seem happy, like Lincoln's answer about Sherman's march to the sea; each can see the hole he went in at, but no fellow knows the hole he will come out at. The longest pole always knocks the persimmons.

The President's first state dinner of the season, following the old time custom, was given to the Cabinet, and as honored officials they had precedence over the President's other invited guests. The hall was beautifully arranged and made inspiring by music from the Marine band. The East room was turned into a grand conservatory, filled with rare plants and exotics, while mantels and window embrasures were banked with choicest foliage plants, the immense chandeliers being completely enveloped in smilax. The Green, Blue and Red parlors were done up and decorated in the most artistic manner, and the silver Hiawatha boat, presented to Mrs. Grant, freighted with sweetest rose buds, stood on an antique marble table near the foot of the stairs. The state dining room was decorated with palms and blooming azaleas, and the table, with thirty-six covers, showed the rare skill of the florist. The long central mirror, converted into a miniature lake, was set with coral shores and mossy islands, bearing a fleet of tiny boats filled with roses. Above it was a hanging garden, more than three feet high and six feet long, with supports of red and white carnations. On the garden were banks of Marechal Niel and Bon Silene roses, set with rare orchids. At either end were tall gilt candelabra bearing shaded wax lights, and beyond them large crystal bowls overrunning with long stemmed roses. At the ends were plagues of roses, carnations and hyacinths, flanked by silver candelabra. Six wine glasses, a water carafe goblet, and a heavy gilt embossed name-card was at each plate. A boutonniere was laid on the plate of each gentleman, and a flat corsage bouquet of fine roses was provided for the ladies. The dinner consisted of sixteen courses.

There is a great amount of bosh as to the necessity for a clerk for every Congressman. Could there be a proper discretion exercised, a sort of civil service supervision of the whole matter, so as to determine who did and who did not need a clerk, it would be a wise measure. There are Congressmen who could keep two good clerks at work all the time, and their constituents and the country would find the investment a good one. There are others brought here by the great political upheaval, who never earned an annual salary of \$1,200 in their lives, and to whom a clerk is as needless as the fifth wheel of a buggy. The adjustment is so difficult and seedy Democratic applicants are so rampagously hungry that about 200 of these fellows are clamoring to be provided for at Uncle Sam's expense.

Senators have a good deal of fun at executive sessions that are held with closed doors, which means the reporters for the press must keep out. At a recent session it is reported that a lively tilt took place between the presiding officer, Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi. The question at issue was the confirmation of a district attorney for the state of Georgia. Mr. Edmunds left the chair and proceeded to castigate the Southern members with a vigor unknown during the last two administrations. Report says he held the Southern members responsible for the "terrible, unlawful, and iniquitous condition of political persecution in the South." Mr. Lamar was so offended that he declared that "all personal relations between us must cease." At last accounts however, Mr. Edmunds had not resigned his seat.

Without going into the question of the truth or falsity of Mr. Edmunds' charges, it does not help his opponents any to show their anger and petulance in this manner. That there are outrages and murders at the South—that districts containing from 1,000 to 1,200 registered voters are so manipulated, in some manner, that none of these voters exercise the right of suffrage—is too well attested, even in Mr. Lamar's own state, to be gainsaid or disputed. If these voters are excluded from the polls on account of their religion or vocations, or the color of their eyes, or cut of their clothes, it would be the easiest thing in the world to prove it. If they are, on the other hand, deprived of their rights as citizens because of their political faith, it will not disprove it for Mr. Lamar to get mad at a brother senator for affirming it, and declare that he will never again let him slide down his cellar-door or swing on his front gate. Mr. Edmunds is not a man who has the reputation of making meaningless assertions on the floor of the senate, and his cool and considerate declarations cannot be answered by the petulance or anger of those who are winged by his accurate shots.

There is no one system more defective than the proper care of the poor in a great city. There is enough latent benevolence in every community if rightly expanded, to provide for all needy

worthy persons. Three years ago the whole district was organized under a system of associated charities, with its inspectors and distributors, and no case was helped by any citizen except upon a report made after examination. The system put a complete stop to street begging. This winter a lot of restless individuals raised the hue and cry of great want among the poor. A public meeting was called. Large sums were contributed. The police were made the distributors, and this has brought every tramp within 100 miles to the city, and beggars are found everywhere. The work of the associated charities has been largely increased by this inconsiderate action and great mischief.

Another landmark is to be removed to make way for the steady march of improvement at the Capital. Col. Casey, superintendent of the State, War and Navy Department building, is to advertise for proposals for the removal of the old Navy Department building, which fronts on 17th street. The work of tearing down the building will begin on the 18th of February, and the ground must be cleared by the 1st of April, when the work of laying the foundation of the east wing of the building will be commenced. A photograph of the old building will be taken, with the new structure as a background. The picture itself will be a history of Washington improvements. The old building has many associations, and to photograph it seems very appropriate. It was the first departmental building constructed by the Government, its lower stories were built in 1798, and was used by the State, Treasury, War and Navy. It will be but a few years before all the old landmarks of Washington will have gone the way of all the earth.

PHAKS.

**MR. E. MARTIN,**

In Porter's Department of the U. S.

Armory, Springfield, Mass.—

Interesting Statement of

his Suffering.

Here are plain facts from a very reliable source. Your reporter found Mr. Martin in Porter's department of the United States Armory, Springfield, Mass.—After an interview with Mr. Martin, he said: "I am willing to say what I can for the benefit of these afflicted as I have been. For years I have been a terrible sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles. Mine being of the calculus or stone form. I have visited all the mineral springs whose waters have been recommended to me by the best medical authorities. I have tried every known remedy, and have submitted to several operations, and have tried everything that money could obtain in the way of relief, but I find that Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is the best medicine of all my experience—I have received much benefit from it. It is certainly a wonderful medicine for diseases of this kind. It has been recommended to me by Dr. Kennedy, to others in the city of Springfield whom I knew to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and I assure the public that the FAVORITE REMEDY has done its work with a similar completeness in every instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the Favorite Remedy as I did."

Dr. J. J. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a diuretic, either of the human race; whereupon it can not help it does not harm. FAVORITE REMEDY is a combination of vegetable alteratives. It does not heat nor inflame the blood, but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements that afflict women, the action of FAVORITE REMEDY is most wonderful. Those who are in trouble, will voluntarily testify to this in letters to Dr. Kennedy, and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business documents and certificates never possess.

jan25—tf

ARLINGTON

**Minature Directory, 1884.**

**TOWN OFFICERS.**

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—William A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. W. Watson, James A. E. Bailey, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., R. W. Hopkins,

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgeson.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.

Water Registrar, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer. George A. Stearns, Matt. Rowe, 2d, Assts. Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

**HIGHLAND HOSE; NO. 2.**

Foreman, James Fermyole; Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

**WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3.**

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

**MENOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.**

Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John S. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday in each month.

**POLICE OFFICERS.**

Eugene Meade, chief.

Patrick J. Shean. Garret Barry.

**PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

**ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.**

Wm. G. Peck, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock.

Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

**CHURCHES.**

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. G. Allen, assistant supt. John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10:45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PAKISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30, H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10:45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector.

Morning prayer and sermon 10:30; evening prayer and sermon 7:30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt.; James Wilson, librarian.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Pastor.

Edwin Mills, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edwin W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7:30 o'clock; Young People's meeting at 6:30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor.

Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock, high mass at 10:30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2:45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer, Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. W. H. Daniels, Pastor.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Praise service at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at noon. James Hurd, superintendent. John K. Simpson, secretary and treasurer.

**SOCIETIES.**

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, Thursday or on before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. C. W. Ilsley, N. G. Secretary, George H. Rugg. Per. Sec. George A. Sawyer. G. Hill, Jr., Treasurer.

Frances Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meet in Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Horace D. Durgin, Commander. Adj't, James A. Blanchard. Q. M., James A. Marden.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hibernian Hall (old Adams School house), first Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p. m. President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean, secretary. John McGrath, treasurer.

Ponemah Tribe, No. 9, Improved Order of Red Men. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, every Friday evening. James Durgin, Prophet; Wm. J. Dinsmore, Sachem; Albert E. Cotton, Chief of Records.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meet in Hibernian Hall the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, president. Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer, Matthew Rowe.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, No. 19, Order of American Orangemen. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, first and third Mondays of each month. Thomas Roden, W. M.; Geo. Reynolds, D. M.; W. J. Dinsmore, secretary; James Durgin, treasurer.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meet in vestry of St. Malachy church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, president. Secretary, John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E. O'Leary.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meet once in two weeks, on Thursdays, in vestry of Congregational church, Pleasant street, at 4 o'clock. Mrs. R. W. Hilliard, president. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C. Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Cutting High School Alumni Association. Edgar Crosby, president. Secretary and treasurer, George H. Cutler.

At a meeting of the Mass. Horticultural Society, last Saturday, Hon. F. B. Hayes described his beautiful lawns at Lexington, explaining his methods of construction and of cultivation. He cuts the grass weekly, and rolls immediately after cutting, and does not water after the first of September.

Stevens & Manchester, Designers, Engravers and Stationers. We invite your inspection of our imported and domestic stationery in all forms. Fine sizes, colors and tints. Wedding invitations, visiting, reception, dinner, birthday, and correspondence cards a specialty. Call and examine, at 37 West St., Boston.

Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

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